aggressive bara mem wished to penetrate Into the mysteries of that zenana which only one white woman has ever entered, and she of the Hindu faith, a sly smile lit for a moment the mild features of the little man below the enormous turban as he replied he " should be delighted, only it was a rule that any lady entering the harem stayed there ! "

Floating further by daylight, the palace gives place to piled houses hanging above the rippling water where the persistent merchant-men show loveliest wares beneath sign-boards rejoicing in the poetic names of Ramzana, Subhana, Salama, even bright Ganemede Is there, and the old Persian Shiah, whose English Is a good imitation of drawls I have heard in Bond Street as he assures us. " This old yellow bowl was brought into Kashmir 800 years ago, and is now sold by persons in poverty. All ladies, all womans, who want money sell It. O—oh, no ! I am the best merchant in the place. Why should I sell dearer than these *local people ?* "

Then through the lotus of the Dahl the lacquered paddle glides, passing *via* willow lanes glancing with golden orioles, kingfisher's poising, bulbuls passionately singing, water-

lilies